

Mocking Eyes

Mother, laughing eyes I see,
Bright and blue as yonder sky;
Ah! for them, for them I die;
And they mock at me.

Blue or green, whichever they be—
For disdain can change their hue—
Hope revives when they are blue,
When they're green 't is jealousy.
Life revives when they are blue,
Death succeeds when they go by;
Ah! for them, for them I die;
And they mock at me.

Who could think such eyes could prove
Lures to daze and deceive?
Who indeed would not believe,
Save the heart that knows not love?
In their light lost utterly,
No thought find when they are nigh,
Ah! for them, for them I die;
And they mock at me.

—From the Spanish of Lope Le Vega.

THE LINES OF HIS HAND

BY BRUCE SHERMAN

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Mrs. J. Arthur Smythe was easily the leader of Huntington's Four Hundred. She had established her right to the title on a hundred battlefields, and while certain captious and dissatisfied persons still persisted in referring to the origin of her appearance in the social whirl, all such captious critics found themselves most embarrassingly placed and invariably became exceedingly sorry that they had spoken.

In vain was it that those enemies of Mrs. Smythe or those opposed to her sway, recalled that, after all she was only the wife of old Jake Smith, and that the foundation of Jake's fortune was laid in the tavern down on the cross-roads. In vain was it that her opponents pointed out that the origin of the fair Mrs. Smythe herself was clouded in rumor and surmise. For after all question and rumor and surmise had done their worst, the great fact remained that old Jake had made his millions and had left them to his charming widow. Also was it true and evident that whatever her origin Mrs. Smythe was a woman of most conspicuous talent and charm and her executive ability was such that all the other daughters of Eve in the town of Huntington had reason to fear and respect her. In vain was it to inquire how the good honest old name of Jake Smith had developed into J. Arthur Smythe. Those who had inquired had found out even unto the fullness of their several desire—and never inquired again.

Her parties were charming. So delightful was her tact and so great her resources that everybody was glad to go. They always were entertained perfectly, and moreover, they always heard the very latest bit of gossip and were initiated into the very latest social fad. Hence it was that on a certain evening Richard Sherry found himself bowing over her fair hand in the Smythe drawing room.

"Why, Mr. Sherry, this is a compliment, indeed," exclaimed the hostess. "To beguile a recluse and a woman hater from his lair is a feat indeed. The party is assuredly a success."

The man smiled gravely. "One is always sure to be brightened up and have one's wits sharpened here, Mrs. Smythe," he said. "What is it to be tonight—theosophy, a new artist, a musical prodigy, vaudeville or a literary lion?"

"A poor guess," she responded, brightly. "What would you say to palmistry?"

"Palmistry," he repeated. "Ah, I see. Dark-eyed gypsy girl and all that."

"Still wrong," she replied. "I've found such a darling. Do you remember the Raymonds who used to live here and moved south or somewhere five years ago? Yes, I thought you knew them. Well, Dr. Raymond lost his fortune and died and Mrs. Raymond and her daughter are back here again trying to support themselves. The girl has developed a perfect genius for palmistry and does quite a bit along that line. I have engaged her to come here to-night and read palms."

He did not answer. His eyes were far away and the hostess, thinking he was bored with the conversation,

his love, but she had felt it her duty to remain with her father in his misfortune and had resolutely refused to permit an engagement or even an understanding, remarking that it would be unfair to spoil his life by holding out a hope which probably never would be fulfilled and would further keep her mind in a state of distraction. Sherry had taken it hard and abandoned society for business and books. The shock he received at Mrs. Smythe's disclosure that Florence was to be there and in such a role was severe and brought back a flood of memories.

His reverie was cut short by Mrs.



Gazed upon the woman of his dreams.

Smythe, who discovered him in the conservatory.

"Come, come, this will never do," she cried, tapping him with her fan. "When the hermit comes to Rome he must do as the Romans do. Come and have your hand read."

Unresisting he followed her to the library, where the entertainer was reading the palms of all comers.

"I have found a splendid subject," said Mrs. Smythe, triumphantly. "Here is the enigma of the town. We want to know why so fascinating a man should be a recluse and a woman hater. We want also to know his fate—his love affairs, past and present."

Sherry gazed upon the woman of his dreams, and she looked up straight into his eyes, grave and unresponsive. She was not a guest and knew her place. He also knew his. But he was startled at her unchangeable beauty. The years seemed not to have told at all upon her. Indeed in the short gypsy skirt and with her hair down her back she seemed younger than he had ever seen her. And yet there was an indefinable something in her eyes which made her seem more mature and womanly—something as though a great sorrow had chastened her.

He placed his hands in hers. She followed the lines intently, looked at the fingers and general shape of the hands.

"You will live to a very old age," she said. "I do not see much sickness, past or future. Your head is exceptionally strong. No mental trouble will overcome you. You are intellectual, fairly artistic and a money maker."

"And his heart?" put in Mrs. Smythe.

"His heart is well under control, but he is capable of a great and abiding love for a woman."

"Is his passion passed or to come?" relentlessly pursued Mrs. Smythe.

"I see a strong line about the age of 30," said the girl slowly and very low. "It seems to be cut and barred. It looks like some obstacle."

"And the future?" insisted Mrs. Smythe.

The girl looked long and earnestly. She was breathing a trifle faster and the color had come into her face.

"I cannot see the future," she said, and then dropped his hand with a gesture of exhaustion. "I am very tired. Mrs. Smythe, and really must beg to be excused from any more work to-night."

The crowd drifts back into the drawing room and the palmist slips into the conservatory. Sherry follows her unobserved. After a time they reappear in the drawing room, where Mrs. Smythe is receiving the congratulations of her last departing guests.

"Mrs. Smythe," said Sherry, "I will finish the reading of my own palm. The barrier has been removed and the one great passion of my life for the one woman in the world is to be realized. Mrs. Smythe, permit me to present the future Mrs. Sherry, and to

thank you for the happiest evening in my life." And Mrs. Smythe catching the divine light in both their eyes remarks tactfully: "I think I may call this party my greatest social triumph." It certainly was much talked about.

MADE THE CHALLENGE DIRECT

Lawyer's Insinuation Something Court Could Hardly Ignore.

Charles H. Hudson was a lawyer of remarkable keenness and ability and well known also as a student of Shakespeare, but he was not a strict and offensive teetotaler at all hours of the day, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

One day he appeared before Judge Ladd of the police court of Cambridge in a case involving no difficult questions of law, but as Mr. Hudson had little confidence in the judge's legal acumen he criticized his rulings very sharply, and in a manner easily understood by all present.

The judge, with a judicial look of sternness, raised himself from his chair and said: "Mr. Hudson, if you do not speak more respectfully of the decisions of this court I shall at once commit you for contempt of court."

Hudson arose, with a great assumption of dignity, and, raising his voice and head, said: "Your honor says you will commit me to jail for contempt of your court. I'll bet \$5, and put the money up, that your honor cannot make out the papers correctly in three weeks."

Her Tribute to Spring.

It was one of those recent balmy afternoons when the weather was making history for itself by setting spring fairly down in the lap of winter, says the New York Press. Down Fifth avenue she came, a walking emblem of mourning from the fluttering folds of her crepe veil to the tips of her dull black shoes. But when she came to a muddy crossing and lifted up her black skirt to keep it from being soiled a woman acquaintance hurrying along to overtake the mourner was horrified to catch something more than a glimpse of a pair of ankles clad in grass-green silk stockings.

"Oh, Jessie," she whispered, as she caught up with the woman in black, "have you any idea of what you've come out in? You've got green stockings on."

"I know it," cooed the offender. "You see it was such a lovely day that I simply had to put something on that suggested the springtime. Besides, they only show at the crossings."

Passing of Philadelphia Elms.

Another of the old trees in Independence square has succumbed to the dry rot of age and been felled by the woodman's axe. It is believed that it was one of the 100 trees planted by George Morgan in the square in 1785. All were elms, brought to this city from New York state at the suggestion of Samuel Vaughan, who took an especial interest in the square.

The number of large trees in Independence square has of late years been much reduced by death, decay and storm. The last signs of life in the elm which has just been felled were noted last summer. It was a noble specimen of its kind, being about three feet in diameter and between sixty and seventy feet high. It will require many years for the majority of the trees in the square, among which is the young elm planted by Gen. Grant, to reach this size.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Has Too Many Visitors.

Luther Burbank, the California naturalist, has been overrun with visitors during the past year, taking much valuable time from his experiments and scientific work, and has had to call a halt. A circular has just been issued by his relatives and friends, calling attention to the annoyance to which he is subjected almost daily and requesting the discontinuance of visits by the public. In the year 1905 over 6,000 visitors were received on the Burbank grounds at Santa Rosa and Mr. Burbank was given absolutely no opportunity to rest. A warning sign has been placed on each gate at the residence declaring that any one entering or trespassing on the grounds will be prosecuted.

Gov. Dale's Small Potatoes.

Ex-Gov. George N. Dale of Island Pond, Vt., had an account against a Frenchman named Felix, for whom he had rendered some legal service. The account had run a long time. Felix, meeting the governor one day on the street, dunned himself in the following manner: "Meester Guvner, I owes you beeg bill. When I dig mar per-taters nex' fall, bar gar, I pay you."

Late in the fall the governor was riding in the neighborhood of Felix' home, and again met him. Stopping his horse, the governor said, "Felix, how about the potatoes?"

"Bar gar, Guvner, those per-taters don't turn out so beeg's as you 'spected, bar darn sight."

Springtime's Come Again.

O catfish in de eddy,
When de moon in de full;
O watermillen ready
Mongs' yo' dewy leaves, to pull;
O choolies, sugar rooted?
Is women en us run
Is all done back bar footed,
Case de springtime's come again.

De bulbait 'gins to beller
Across de shimmer hill,
Taint long befo' a feller
Kin hush de v' suppoorwill,
De hawk sets rou'n en watches
De biddies wud de hen,
In de doodle-dus' a scratchin',
Case re springtime's come again.

Dirt daubers soon be squealin',
Shap'n up deir mud,
En a sort o' sleep feelin',
Li' git gwine along yo' blood,
Till you lose yo' light en doses,
En jerks en wakes up—den
De fus' thing dat you knows is
Dat de springtime's come again.

—Charlotte Observer.



GATHERED SMILES

Instruments of Torture.

"Well," said the bridegroom-to-be, "I suppose you'll be sorry, Willie, when the time comes for your sister's wedding."

"Not much!" replied the small brother. "It will gimme an excuse to chuck pa's slippers away."

Where He'll Come In.

"Why aren't you eatin', Bobby?"

"I won't be hungry for half an hour yet."

"We'll be through dinner by that time."

"No, you won't—you'll just about be gettin' to the pie."

A Threat.

"Sir," said the visitor, as he presented his manuscript, "I am only a young author, but—"

"Sir," interrupted the hard-hearted editor, "you'll be a 'struggling young author' if you don't get out of your own volition immediately."

What He Had Learned.

Jones—I suppose you know more about that horse you got of Deacon Smith last week than when you made the trade?

Brown—Yes, and I know a lot more about Deacon Smith now than I did then.

Why the Burglar Had a Fit.

"John," whispered his wife, shaking him, "I hear somebody in the basement."

John groped his way, half awake, to the wall, and bawled down the register: "You infernal scoundrel," he said, "after you have satisfied yourself that there's nothing worth stealing down there will you please push in the upper damper rod of the furnace? I forgot to do it."

Then he crawled back into bed again.

Mourning Cigarettes.

Percy de Flishtar created a sensation at the Ultra club the other night when he drew forth a cigarette with a tiny black band printed on the paper close to the mouthpiece.

"My uncle died yesterday," he explained. "I had those cigarettes specially made with a mourning band."

He was the object of envy all the evening.—New York Press.

Within the Reach of All.

Mrs. Buggins—The Mugginses are talking about going to Europe. I wish we could.

Mr. Buggins—Well, we can.

Mrs. Buggins—How you talk; you know we can't afford to go abroad.

Mr. Buggins—But you said the Mugginses were talking about it; there's nothing cheaper than talk.

The Other Side.

Backed by public opinion, they went flat-hunting with proud confidence.

The Park mansions pleased them. "But do you," they said to the landlord, "object to children?"

"Dear, no," the man replied. "There are already sixty-seven in the house."

And yet, strangely enough, they looked elsewhere.

Marks of Esteem.

"I thought Richey Skinner was quite a popular citizen of your town."

"Who told you that?"

"Well, I was told he had won many marks of esteem from his fellow citizens."

"Yes, dollar-marks."

A Surface View.

"A funny thing happened at the department office the other day. A man who wished to put an application for a position on file sent his photograph along with his application."

"Possibly he wished to be taken at his face value."

Also a Reformer.

"They're sendin' a lot o' grafters to jail," remarked Meandering Mike.

"I'm glad of it," answered Plodding Pete. "If dis high-class patronage keeps comin' in maybe de warden will wake up an' improve de accommodations."

The Fair Sex.

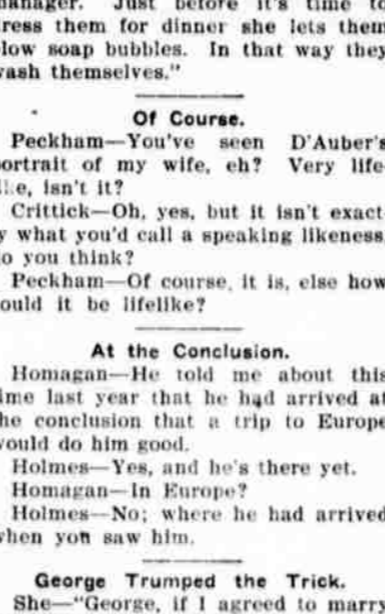
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A Degree of Existence.

Hewitt—You live at a boarding house, I believe?

Jewett—You flatter me when you say "live."

QUITE IMPORTANT.



Parson—Good morning, Mrs. Stubbins. Is your husband home?"

Mrs. Stubbins—E's 'ome, sir; but 'e's a-bed.

Parson—How is it that he didn't come to church on Sunday? You know we must have our hearts in the right place.

Mrs. Stubbins—Lor' sir, 'is 'eart's all right. It's 'is trowsers.

Where Was the Harm.

"Here, sir!" shouted Popley at his 7-year-old, "take that cigar stump out of your mouth. How dare you?"

"Why, when you throwed it away I thought you was done with it," replied the youngster, with a surprised air.

Financially Speaking.

Miss Wise—The word "sterling" as applied to English money seems to be lost in obscurity.

Mr. Short—Yes, and so is the word "money," as far as I am concerned.

Unconscious of Error.

Tippler—Some of you fellows don't know when you've got enough.

Boozleigh—Hic—that's because when we've got enough we don't know anything.—Boston Transcript.

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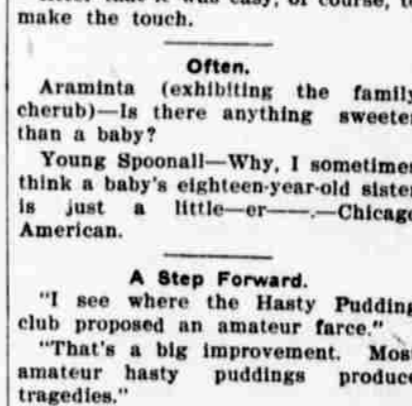
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